

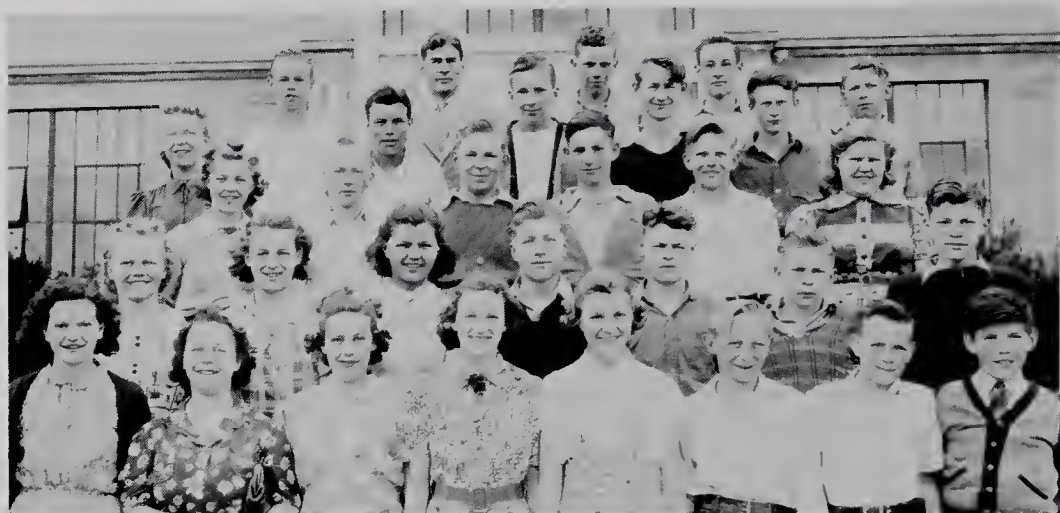
CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

# CUMTUX



Vol. 12, No. 3 – Summer, 1992

## Some Members of the Class of '42 in the 9th Grade



### CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY SCHOOL

*Front row (L to R): Reah Sharpe, Gladys Passi, Carol Lee, Irene Bany, Gertrude Simonsen, Robert Olson, Donald Maki, Roger Tellow.*

*Second row: June Niemi, Clara Lempke, Virginia Anet, Henry Heinze, Jack Love, Jack Brunner, Leon Erickson.*

*Third row: Doris Bjork, Roger Benson, Charles Gustafson, David Wullger, John Warila, Shirley Garlough.*

*Back row: Miss Ilene Nyman, Dick Williams, John Talley, Ralph Peters (Principal), Eben Parker, Unknown, Bob Kelim, Wallace McConkey, Wallace Carlson, Paavo Kemi.*



### LEWIS AND CLARK SCHOOL

*Front row (L to R): Nick Kuluris, Gordon Hutchens, Norma Lee, Margaret Johansen, Hazel Bandeen, Robert Reed, Blaine Mack.*

*Second row: Virginia Link, Arline Kalm, Unknown, Olga Facchini, Lois Chandler, Shirley Elfving, Patricia Foote, Wallace Everhart.*

*Third row: Virginia Nopson, Mary Agidius, Bernice Bakkensen, Janet Wilson, Marian McMIndes, Gloria Johnson, Barbara Layton, Nana Cahill, Kurt Olson.*

*Back row: Eldred Mittet, Lyle Johnson, Art Johanson, Merrill Carpenter, Donald Chestnut.*

SEE ALSO PAGE 15.



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# CUMTUX

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
QUARTERLY Vol. 12, No. 3 – Summer, 1992

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Astoria High School about 1940, home of the Class of '42.

Astorian Printing Co.

*CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:*

*"To know . . . acknowledge . . . to inform."*

# LAWSON'S Confectionery

Astoria, Oregon  
Phone 340

## Fountain Menu



*We manufacture our own candies and  
ice creams and use only the  
finest materials.*

*We Wrap Candy for Mailing  
with No Extra Charge*

### LAWSON'S

#### Banana Split .....

Whole Banana, Straw  
Cream, Strawberry an

#### Buster Brown .....

Chocolate and Caramel  
Walnuts and Whipped

#### Caramel Banana .....

Caramel Syrup over Vanil

#### Lovers Delight .....

Strawberry and Pineapp  
Sliced Bananas, Walnuts,

#### Almond Butterscotch .....

Vanilla and Strawberry  
Whipped Cream.

#### Flouting Island .....

Chocolate Syrup, Vanilla Ic

#### Black and White .....

Chocolate and Marshmallow  
Cream, Walnuts, Whipped C

#### Heavenly Twins .....

Vanilla and Chocolate Ice C  
Whipped Cream.

#### A. H. S. Special .....

Vanilla Ice Cream, Orange  
Fruit, Walnuts, Whipped Crea

#### Merry Widow .....

Strawberry and Vanilla Ice Cr  
Nuts and Whipped Cream

#### Oregon Queen .....

Vanilla, Strawberry and Choco  
mallow Syrup, Strawberry Fru  
Cream.

#### Lawson's De Luxe .....

Vanilla, Strawberry and Choco  
mallow Syrup, Salted Almonds, Peanuts and Cashew Nuts, Banana,  
Whipped Cream.

#### Chocolate Jersey .....

Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Syrup, Borden's Malted Milk

#### Tin Roof .....

Chocolate Ice Cream, Marshmallow Syrup, Salted Peanuts

#### Basketball Special .....

Chocolate Ice Cream, Caramel Syrup, Salted Cashew Nuts, Whipped  
Cream.

#### Astoria Girl .....

Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate and Marshmallow Syrup, Sliced Bananas,  
Whipped Cream.

#### Mt. Hood .....

Sliced Bananas, Vanilla Ice Cream, Marshmallow Syrup and Nuts.

### SON'S SPECIAL DISHES

(Continued)

25c

Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate and Caramel Syrup, Bana  
cream.

25c

cream, Chocolate Syrup, Salted Cashew Nuts, Whipped

25c

mt, Pineapple Fruit, Sliced Bananas, Whipped Cream.

### ICE CREAM SODAS

Ice Cream Sodas are made  
with Whipped Cream

ing Flavors ..... 15c

rawberry : Vanilla : Orange  
ole Fruit : Wild Cherry : Lime :  
es Root Beer : Fresh Banana :  
oca Cola Flavor

### MILK SHAKES

avors ..... 15c

..... 20c

S, Mall or Plain ..... 20c

akes ..... 25c

### SUNDAES

Ice Cream ..... 20c

..... 20c

..... 15c

Pineapple (Fruit) ..... 15c

### CHOICE OF THE FOLLOWING FLAVORS (Syrup)

15c

Carmel : Marshmallow : Chocolate : Vanilla  
Lemon : Orange : Maple

Walnuts and Peanuts ..... 5c Extra

Salted Almonds, Pecan Halves  
and Cashew Nuts ..... 10c Extra

### HOT SUNDAES

Caramel ..... 20c

Chocolate ..... 20c

Hot Caramel Special ..... 30c

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued on Next Page)

*"Lawson's was the place to go. You went there to show off your  
date or to celebrate a winning game."*

# The Class of '42

Roger T. Tetlow

## INTRODUCTION

**B**orn during the early part of the Roaring Twenties, the members of the future Class of '42 struggled through the dark Depression Days, came of age during World War II, started careers during the Fabulous Fifties, raised their families and struggled with upward mobility during the troubled times of the Sixties and Seventies, reached the pinnacle of achievement and comfort during the Eighties, and then sank back into comfortable retirement during the Nineties.

They were members of the first class to begin school after the Depression began, the first class to enter high school after World War II began, and the first class to graduate after the United States entered the war.

It was also the last class to have winter graduation, and the last class to win the state basketball championship. In fact, it was the only class to win two consecutive basketball championships in the history of the school; the first in 1941, and the second in 1942. Since that time, fifty years ago, AHS has not won a state basketball championship.

Strangely enough, the members of the Class of '42 were the first high school graduating class in the United States to hear the sounds of hostile gunfire from the enemy. Although it was several days after graduation, a Japanese submarine actually emerged from the Pacific Ocean off Clatsop Beach and lobbed a number of shells towards Ft. Stevens. The sounds of the guns and the muzzle flashes could easily be seen and heard in Astoria.

Later, after many of the boys had been inducted into military service, they were always able to say that they had seen military action long before any of the others in their units. It made a good story to tell during many of those hurry-up-and-wait intervals so frequently found during wartime.

And now, a half-century later, the Class of '42 is gathering again to celebrate its fiftieth graduation anniversary. The surviving members of the class will meet in Astoria on August 1, to renew old friendships and to relive those golden days at Astoria High School when they were young and the days were bright and they could still look ahead to a future of promise.

They are all in their late sixties now, the men with less hair and teeth than they had fifty years ago, and the women with added pounds and wrinkles; but, it won't matter at all because on that night they will all be young again and will see in the others, only that which they once saw many years ago. For that one night, the members of the Class of '42 will become young again. The pretty girls will remember old boyfriends and memorable dates, and the handsome young men will remember the games, the dances, the dates, and the good times. They will hear again the old hit tunes and perhaps even dance with old steadies. They will say, "Remember when..." or "Whatever happened to..." and everyone will smile sadly and remember again those gentle sunlit days.

They all know that there will not be too many more reunions. Already, some of their old classmates have

departed and more will follow. Each time, there will be more empty seats, and eventually there will be no more reunions and finally, the last member of the Class of '42 will leave. . .but no one really believes that. There will always be a Class of '42 because there are some things which never disappear, and it is impossible to believe that a class such as this with the memories they had and the things they did, will simply vanish from sight and from memory.

### Astoria School Divisions

On September 8, 1930, members of the future Class of '42 entered school for the first time. On the west side of town, they went to Capt. Robert Gray Junior High School, while those in Uppertown went to John Jacob Astor Junior High School. The kids who lived on the hills above the town went to Lewis and Clark Junior High School, later to be called Central School. Each of these schools had grades from one to nine. In addition to these schools, a few students downtown still attended Shively School, while up on top of the hill, a few also went to Olney School. These two schools were both closed down a few years later.

Generally speaking, Astoria, at that time, was divided into three parts, each one inhabited by a different cultural group. The great majority of residents on the west side of town (the area from Uniontown to Astor Court) were of Finnish descent. The students' fathers worked in the canneries, the flour mill, at the Port of Astoria, or were independent fishermen. Their mothers were homemakers although many of them worked in the canneries during the canning seasons.

Uppertown, which took in the area from about 21st eastward to the city limits, had been settled by Scandinavians who worked in lumber mills, in canneries, or who were independent fishermen. It was an older section of town than the west side and

probably more insular because it had once developed as a separate section of Astoria.

The fathers of the students who attended Lewis and Clark were of more diversified nationalities and generally worked at white-collar jobs downtown. This section of the town was the oldest and had been settled primarily by the men who had come first and had built up the town and the industries. They lived in big houses on the hill and probably were better educated than those in the other sections of town.

Each of the three schools had some students who were of Chinese, Japanese, and other racial ancestry, but no one thought anything about it. The children attended the same classes and were totally accepted by the other students. Racial prejudice was never a problem in the Astoria schools at that time.

Total attendance at these schools in 1930, when the Class of '42 began their educational experiences, was:

Astoria High School .....	410
Capt. Robt. Gray .....	358
John Jacob Astor .....	356
Lewis & Clark .....	566
Olney School .....	80
Shively School .....	68

A.C. Hampton, who was the Astoria school superintendent at that time, had his office at Shively School, and had a secretary to assist him. He made periodic visits to the various schools, and most of the students of that day remember him coming into the classes, sitting down for a few moments to listen, and then leaving without saying a word. He was regarded as an awesome figure by the students.

Each school had a principal who had an office and was assisted occasionally by one of the female students. Each class had one teacher who taught all subjects, although when the class reached the 7th grade, there were teachers who, in addition to



teaching a class, also coached one or more sports, or supervised one of the extra-curricular activities.

### Grade School Reminiscences

(Various members of the Class of '42 recall the old school days)

*"I can remember all of the teachers at Gray School because they seem to have stayed there forever. We had Miss Prince in the first grade, Miss Dalgity in the second, and Miss Tabke in the third. Miss Beyler was the principal, but when we got into the 7th grade, she left for some reason, and a young man, Ralph Peters, took over. Mike Johnson, the janitor, was literally regarded by the students as one of the teachers. There was no nonsense from any of them. We were kids and they were adults, and they were in charge, not us.*

*"Remember Miss Beyler's rubber hose? Every kid in that school was convinced that she used to beat students who did not behave. Of course, that was nonsense, but even so, it was typical of the way kids thought back then. We were all used to getting spankings, so it was logical to think that misbehaving in school would only bring on a larger punishment."*

The biggest difference in the schools then was that each class was divided into two parts. One section was called 2A, for example, and the other was 2B. In January one section of the class would move up to the next highest class and another from a lower section would move into the room. Children born after school had begun in September would begin school in January. Those born after January entered the schools in September. Each year there was a January and a June graduation, but after June 1942 the school board decreed only one graduation a year.

*"People seemed to be more stable then. I know that the kids I met on that*

*first day of school in 1930, were the same kids I graduated with twelve years later. We all knew who the smart ones were as well as who the slower ones were. We knew the troublemakers and the ones who were favored by the teachers. No one ever seemed to move away, and very few new kids joined our class. We were a group all the way through; we are still friends. It was a good world.*

*"I suppose today we would be known as deprived or poor, but none of us were aware of being deprived. We walked to school, and we carried our lunches. There were no playgrounds, no hot lunches, and no school buses. When it rained, we stayed in a roofed area at the back of the school and when it was nice, we played in a graveled yard. We marched into the school to the sound of a Sousa march played on a phonograph operated by two of the students and we did the same for our recesses. We wore patched, but clean clothing, and tennis shoes. But, I think that everyone was happy enough. That was the way it was then."*

The desks were in rows with each fastened to the floor. There was an ink well in one upper corner of the desk top and under it was a shelf for books and supplies. The seats folded back so that the students could get out without noise and confusion.

*"Visual aids? I cannot remember any, although I can remember a very few great occasions when we watched a movie. Usually, we simply sat at our desks and recited from there. During some of the classes we used the blackboards, which were on three sides of each room, but generally we just sat.*

*"We did have assemblies about once a week. We marched in, each class in turn, and sat in assigned sections. Usually, these assemblies were just occasions for awards or for something similar, but occasionally, they brought*

*in an outsider who put on a show of some kind. I can remember one man who demonstrated liquid air and another who had worked as an extra in Hollywood. We welcomed anything at all as long as it got us out of the classroom.*

*"The only kids who used regular school buses were the ones who came in from the rural schools for the ninth grade. We called them, 'the hicks from the sticks.' The schools seemed to have some kind of system of tickets for the little kids who had to walk a long way and gave these out for use on the city buses. Aside from those two exceptions, everyone walked to and from school.*

*"At Gray School, the first three grades were on the first floor; the fourth, fifth and sixth were on the second floor, and the seventh, eighth and ninth on the third floor. Other facilities, such as the manual training room, the home ec. room and the science lab were mixed in with the classrooms on each floor. The principal's office was on the second floor. An auditorium was located on the west side of the building and on the east side was a gymnasium. I suppose the other schools had about the same arrangement."*

The Depression had been on for less than a year when the Class of '42 first entered school, so their entire grammar school days were spent during one of the country's most trying times in history. Work was scarce and pay was low, but luckily, Astoria was spared most of the worst aspects of the Depression. There was always a demand for salmon, so the canneries operated full time during those years. In 1930 fishermen were getting only one cent a pound for Chinooks and five cents for silvers, so there was not much money to be made fishing, but enough to keep them going and to raise and educate their children.

*"My father worked at the Port of*

*Astoria and I know that he made \$25 a week. He was able to get overtime occasionally, so that added up, but I can remember many times hearing him answer the phone at four in the morning, someone calling him down to the docks to tie up a ship. He worked too hard and I guess seeing him work like that made me want to better myself and get a college education. He only made it through the eighth grade before having to drop out to help support his family."*

On September 11, 1939, only eleven days after World War II began with Hitler's invasion of Poland, the members of the Class of '42 first walked up the steep 16th Street hill to Astoria High School (now a part of Clatsop Community College). A new era had begun for the more than 120 new sophomores, as it had also begun for the civilized world. The war seemed far away on that day, and yet the war would dominate their world for their final three years of education at Astoria.

The sophomores soon found that they were at the bottom of the social scale at the high school, whereas, as 9th graders at the three junior high schools, they had been on top. The mighty seniors dominated the school, setting up rigid regulations for the lowly sophomores to follow. Although there was no actual initiation rites aside from polishing the seal and cleaning up the school grounds, the sophomores soon found that their comings and goings were a matter of great interest to the seniors.

All sophomores spent their lunch hours in the basement where their home rooms were. The boys ate their lunches on the steps on the east side of the building while the girls ate theirs in the rooms. There was no cafeteria at that time, of course, and no hot lunches were served, so everyone brought his or her own lunch, usually in a paper sack.

*"It was a social occasion for the boys. They would sit on those concrete*



*steps with their lunches, eating and talking. There never were teachers present but somehow there never was any noise or trouble. Students in those days seemed to be better behaved than they are now.*

*"How did we do it? There were no vice-principals then, nor were there any counselors, but I cannot remember any trouble anywhere. Mr. Towler ran the school with a kind but iron hand, and he was assisted by a group of dedicated teachers. The halls were quiet, the classrooms were orderly, and everyone seemed to get along. I guess we all knew what would happen to us at home if we got into trouble at school.*

*"There were no drugs in those days. Oh, we had all heard about 'marijuana fiends' and we all had read that Sherlock Holmes used cocaine, but the thought of anyone we knew actually using drugs was incredible. I am sure that most of the Class of '42 had experimented with beer at some time during their high school days, and certainly, some boys would go up the hill behind the school and sneak a smoke during the noon hour, but that was about the extent of our sinning.*

*"No, I cannot remember any girl becoming pregnant during the three years I spent at AHS. Sex was a thing of mystery in those days and we didn't find out much about it during our high school days. Oh, there was a lot of talk about a few girls who were supposed to be 'easy,' but who they were and what they did was not known to the majority of the boys. Sex classes were unknown, and even teachers, most of them 'maiden ladies,' were not of much help. No one would have thought about going to a teacher in those days to ask about sex. Somehow, we learned what we had to and that was that."*

Although the world was in turmoil during those long-ago days, very little of the troubles intruded into life at

AHS. The United States was still not in the war during the first two years, and none of the boys were old enough for the draft, so as far as most of them were concerned, they would worry about the war after they graduated. That was in the future. What mattered in 1940 and 1941 was getting as much education as possible and having as much fun as possible.

Because of the impending draft and almost inevitable military service, most of the boys took their studies seriously, especially in the mathematics and science fields where a good record there might be enough to merit a commission in the military instead of serving in the enlisted ranks. But even in those classes, light touches emerged occasionally to enliven the dull daily routine.

*"Do you remember the time in Mr. Thompson's chemistry class where, after he had left the room temporarily for some reason, someone filled a bottle full of water, dropped in some pellets of dry ice, and then pounded down the ground glass top tightly? We all crouched down behind the chairs and waited to see what would happen. None of us had any idea of the latent power he had captured in that bottle. We waited for several minutes but nothing happened. We could see the mixture bubbling inside the bottle, but we could not see the pressure that was building up in there. Suddenly, there was a violent explosion and a hole appeared in the ceiling where the stopper of the bottle had gone through. Shards of glass riddled the walls of the room and even the backs of our chairs had them sticking out. No one had predicted such an explosion. I can still remember Mr. Thompson's white face as he ran in, wondering what had happened. Looking back, it is a wonder that someone was not killed by the prank. But at the time, it was pretty funny.*

*"Mr. Larson was the biology*



### THE CLASS OF '42 AS SOPHOMORES.

Homeroom 1 – *Front to back, 1st row: Cherry, Chestnut, Coles, Coles; 2nd row: Derum, Elfving, Erickson, Everhart, Foote, Anderson; 3rd row: Gustafson, Cronk, Harrison, Carlson, Heinze, Funderburgh. Left to right, standing: Benson, Cordiner, Brunson, Ginn, Asquith, Antonio, Brunner, Bakkenson, Bruce, Anderson, Brunson, Alstad, Green, Anderson, Agidius, Cahill, Bjork, Cordz, Bandeen, Baney, Miss Ogden.*



### THE CLASS OF '42 AS SOPHOMORES.

Homeroom 2 – *Front to back, 1st row: Luoma, Mack, Magnuson, Maki; 2nd row: Laws, Kalm, Meyers, Mittet, Mogenson, Niemi; 3rd row: Olney, Swart, K. Olson, R. Olson, Zankich, Ruljancich; 4th row: O'Bryan, Lovvold, McGraw, Hilton, Kelim.*

*Left to Right, standing: McMIndes, Nopson, Link, Hutchens, McConkey, Love, Kuluris, L. Johnson, R. Johnson, Johansen, B. Johnson, Hoff, Herlin, Lempke, N. Lee, Hannan, H. Lee, Koski, G. Johnson, Layton, C. Lee.*





**THE CLASS OF '42 AS SOPHOMORES.**

Homeroom 3 – Front to back, 1st row: Sharpe, Olson, Sigfridson, Sagen, Simonson, Snell, Stephens; 2nd row: Williams, Talley, Tetlow, Tittinger, Rissman, Warila; 3rd row, Osmus, Wilson, Wirkkunen, Williamson, Tetton, Westersund, A. Wong, N. Wong.

Left to right standing: E. Parker, Rankin, Schoessler, Tagg, L. Sagen, Hansen, Swenson, V. Parker, Palmrose, Roth, Mars, Morrison, Peppas, Mr. Larson, Fedje, Rich, Reed.

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**THE CLASS OF '42 AS SOPHOMORES.**

Homeroom 4 – Front to back, 1st row: Saiget, Paldanius, Palo, Peterson; 2nd row, Schaudt, Dahlgren, Scribner, Seeborg, Broman, Severson, C. Leback; 3rd row: right, Ystad, Zankich, Kiviaho, Hansen, F. Snell, Rich, Fransen, Young. Left to right, standing: Miss Girod, Lovvold, W. Leback, Samuelson, B. Snell, Waris, Iligbee, Bruce, Karinen, Hendricksen, Christensen, Ranta, Haunsauer, Saarheim, Kuluris.

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teacher and had his lab down on the lower floor. He was a young enthusiastic teacher with modern ideas, and most of his special projects were quite interesting. One time, he was dissecting a monkey while the class watched. Most of us had never seen insides of anything and that monkey looked too much like a small person. After watching him cut and pull out parts of the insides, very few of us were able to eat our lunches that day."

### Extra-Curricular Activities

While studies and classes were the main ingredients at Astoria High School, there were other things for the students to do during the school year. There were sports, of course, and clubs, plays, and performances, assemblies, dances, and many other activities. Most of these were monitored and led by teachers, and the memories of all of these things and events are always fresh in the minds of those who once attended AHS long ago.

"Remember the A Club, that elite society made up of those boys who lettered in a sport? There were no girl members then, of course. These club members were the ones who conducted the sophomore initiations and made the poor sophs toe the line. They all wore those black sweaters with a big 'A' sewed on the left side.

"The Pep Club girls wore sweaters too, with a big megaphone labeled 'Pep' sewed in front. They were supposed to instill pep during assemblies and games, and they also sold tickets and candy at the games. This organization was led by Miss Emma Wootton.

"Who can ever forget the energetic Miss Wootton leading the yells during the pep assemblies. She jumped around and yelled like a kid, and became a necessary ingredient for any pep assembly. She also taught geometry where she was the soul of decorum, throwing out theorems in a very matter

of fact manner."

There were many other clubs and organizations at AHS, giving students a chance to participate in activities that interested them.

"I was in Deba Drams. Miss Zoe Allen let us know that we were there as 'examples' of Astoria High, and impressed on us that we were obligated to further a great spirit for activities for all. She was never judgmental; however, we felt her strong guidance. She was wiser than any of us knew at that time.

"The senior play in 1942 was "What A Life," and this was directed by Miss Allen. While we were rehearsing, she eliminated certain parts of the dialogue which she thought were not suitable for a high school audience. I can remember a line she removed that went, 'Let not the royal bed of Denmark be, a couch for luxury and damned incest.' During rehearsals we left that out, but on the night we put on the play, of course, we put them back in, much to her dismay. It was an enjoyable occasion."

"My best memory of AHS was the assembly we held after winning our second straight state basketball championship. I think it was held on a Monday morning in the auditorium. When the team marched in holding up that big trophy, the student body went mad. That was one of the greatest occasions of my high school career.

"Did they let us out of school to go to those state tournaments? They must have, because I can remember going up to Salem with a bunch of other guys to watch it. In the final game we beat Corvallis 34 to 22. And one of the best things I remember there was when the Astoria rooters gave our "Feed 'em the Fish" yell. Remember that one? It started out very quietly. 'Feed 'em the fish, feed 'em the fish, feed 'em the fish,

*where? Right in the mug, the mug, the mug, right in the mug, there!' That was repeated three times, each time getting louder. I think that was our best yell.*

*"We found a hotel room in Salem where all six of us boys slept in the same room. We roamed the town during the times when the Fighting Fishermen weren't playing, and made a great effort to pick up girls from other towns. As I recall, we never did have any luck there but we did have a lot of fun."*

### Dating Activities

There were things to do in Astoria in those days. In addition to the two theaters, there were weekly dances at Suomi Hall in Uniontown and at the Labor Temple. There was a roller skating rink operating near the corner of 11th & Bond and another near 12th and Exchange. Other dances were held out at Svensen and at the other granges. For eating, there was the Liberty Grill, the

Imperial Grille, and Andrew & Steve's Cafe. In the summer, there was always the Bungalow at Seaside for good dancing and for listening to good music. And there was Lawson's.

Lawson's was the center of the AHS students' social life. A date was not a success unless the couple ended up at Lawson's for a choc. shake (15 cents) or a Tin Roof (20 cents). Everyone was there on Friday and Saturday nights, sitting in the booths in back, or up on the balcony. Students without dates usually sat at the counter, sipping cokes.

*"Back then, you could take a girl out on a date for about a dollar. Two tickets to a movie at the Liberty Theater cost fifty cents, and two candy bars were a nickel apiece. We usually bought these at Louie Kildall's newsstand next door to the Liberty Theater. Then, afterwards, we went to Lawson's for a couple of shakes, which set us back*



Courtesy of Shirley Mustonen

*Lamar Wilson shows off his new coupe to Frances Redding in the AHS parking lot on 16th St. about 1941.*

*about thirty cents. Total for the evening was ninety cents. It made for a pretty cheap date, but in those days most of us worked for 35 cents an hour, so even that cheap date used up three hour's pay.*

*"In those days, Commercial Street was a two-way street, and one of the most enjoyable things we did then was to drive downtown and try to park in front of Lawson's to watch who came in and out, and who was dating whom. Sometimes, we would find a parking place at the other end of the block, but we would sit there and wait for cars closer to Lawson's to pull out. When they did, we would drive up and pull into their vacated spaces. Sometimes we would have to make two or three of these moves before we had a good view of Lawson's."*

*"Lawson's was the place to go. You went there to show off your date or to celebrate a winning game. You went there to see who was dating whom, and who was tagging it. Girls usually went in there in groups when they didn't have dates, although to admit you didn't have a date on a Saturday night was not the thing to do. Better to stay at home than to show up at Lawson's alone."*

The presence of hundreds of young single navy men in Astoria during those pre-war days complicated the social life of the AHS students. Most of the girls went to the dances at the U.S.O. and acted as hostesses there, and some of them later married men they had met there. The poor male students had to compete with these sailors for the attention of the high school girls. But too often, it was an uneven contest because the navy men were older and better paid; on the other hand, the local boys had wheels, a distinct advantage at any high school.

Using a car back in those days of scarcity and rationing was a challenge. We got only a few gallons of gas each week, so we had to exercise ingenuity

to get by. We generally coasted down the hills to save gas and we hunted far and wide for gas, even using the "black market," if necessary. But, because we couldn't drive too far on a date, it did give us a good excuse to park, and that, of course, was one of the reasons we went out on dates in the first place.

*"We used to drive up to the Astoria Column to park. It was a good place to park because we could see a police car coming up, and by the time it arrived, we would be heading back down the hill, again coasting, of course."*

### Graduation

The graduation of the Class of '42 was more subdued than most because of Pearl Harbor. Everyone knew that the boys would shortly be called into military service and, in those war days, that meant for the duration of the war. Plans for careers and families had to be put aside as each boy faced the fact that his future might be a very brief one indeed. Even so, the traditional events of AHS were observed as usual.

The Senior banquet was held at the Gearhart Hotel that year and for \$1.45 each student received a dinner, listened to speeches, and danced. It was a serious occasion for all, even though a few car races were held on the way to the banquet, and a few newly-liberated young men did use the occasion to indulge in a few beers and cigarettes.

The Senior Picnic was held on May 12 at Chapman Point at Cannon Beach. For this occasion, the seniors were let out of school for the day and made the most of this new-found freedom. They picnicked, played baseball and volleyball, and walked to Ecola Park. Eventually, everyone got back home, tired and exceedingly sunburned.

On May 15, class day's exercises were held at the high school. At this occasion, Ray Fedge and Claude Asquith sang solos, and Valedictorian Noanie Morrison and Salutatorian Ruth Alstad gave their speeches.



Baccalaureate Service was held on May 17 and featured a speech by the Rev. R.A. Fedje. Graduation was held at the high school on May 21, and the high school days of the Class of '42 were over. The members scattered, some going to war, some moving on to college, and others entering the job market. School was over and the serious business of real life had begun.

### Reunions

Luckily for the Class of '42, there were some members who, for one reason or another, elected to remain in Astoria and the Lower Columbia area. Some of them had family businesses to take over, while others simply liked the area and saw no reason to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Through the years, members of this group conceived the idea of holding class reunions every five years. These dedicated individuals kept lists of their classmates' whereabouts and made all of the arrangements for the gatherings. It was only through their efforts that the class reunions have been held on a regular basis.

At each reunion, or shortly thereafter, each member of the class received a newsletter compiled by the committee, which related the past five year's achievements or newsworthy events in each member's life. As the years rolled by, the items changed gradually, reflecting the interests and daily lives of the class members.

Unfortunately, there was no five-year reunion held, but if there had been, the items would have been about members' war records, marriages, higher educational achievements, and birth announcements.

In 1952 the newsletter was filled with items about career beginnings, marriages, and children. The members had scattered by this time, moving in many cases, to far-off places. New beginnings was the keynote of this reunion.

By 1962 the members of the Class of '42 were beginning to settle down and to lose the wanderlust. Children seemed to be the main interest for most, closely followed by careers. Here are a few samples from the letter given out to the members present at that reunion held at the Gearhart Hotel on June 30, 1961.

*"Mike and Marjorie Lebeck of Astoria, have two children, a girl, Marily, and a boy, Terry. Mike is with the Merchant Marine.*

*"Student body president Don and Nancy Hoff live in Tacoma, Washington. They have three children: Dale, 8, Laura, 7, and Donna, 4. Don is in sales for Stanley Tools.*

*"Ward and Doris (Bjork) Paldanius live in Salem. They have two children, Sheldon and Carrie, and Ward is a school teacher."*

In 1972, thirty years after graduating from AHS, the class members had settled down and were in mid-career. Most of them were now in their late forties and many were proud grandparents. The reunion was held at the Elks Temple in Astoria. The items now appearing in the newsletter were generally longer and more detailed as their lives became more involved and complicated.

*"Wallace and Georgia Everhart of St. Helens, Oregon, have been married for 21 years. They have four children, 2 sons and 2 daughters. Three are in college and one at home yet. Wallace has had the Liberty Tire Shop at St. Helens for the past 14 years.*

*"Betty June (Niemi) and Buzz Miller live in Albany, Oregon. Buzz, who is a 1940 graduate of AHS, is a government inspector at Wah Chang. We have two married sons plus five wonderful grandchildren!"*

*"Charles and Donna Gustafson live in Astoria. They have two boys, 22 and 24. Charles has the Columbia Oil Co."*

By 1982 some members of the



## 1957 Reunion of the Class of '42

*Front row from left: Shirley Elfving Mustonen, Irene Baney Johnson, Carl Utzinger, Evan Bash, Pete Antoniou, Jack Love, Roger Tetlow, Walt Fransen, Don Hansen.*

*2nd row: Jerry Stephens Letsinger, Laverne Sigfriedsen Wahlstrom, Mike Leback, Thelma Koski Rundell, Barbara Roth Carrigan, Hazel Waris Reith, Virginia Nopson Yoos, Betsy Hendrickson Duncan, Gertie Simonsen Rinell, Ward Paldanius.*

*3rd row: Eben Parker, Dick Wright, Jack Brunner, Bob Cordiner, Vernon Mogensen, Bernice Bakkensen Moore, Pat Foote Simonsen, Helen Peppas Barbouletous, Doris Bjork Paldanius, Eldred Mittet.*

*Back row: Reuben Wirkkunen, Walter Palmberg, teacher, Chuck Gustafson, Bud Warila, David Wullger, Louis Ystad, Arthur Moore, Gordon Hutchens, Jim Olney.*

Class of '42 were beginning to retire, although most were still working, many of the women having moved back into the job market. The children were usually gone by this time and life had settled into a comfortable routine as most of the class members were getting close to 60 years old.

*"Gordon and Phyllis Hutchens of Seattle, Washington, says he is completing 37 years with Chevron U.S.A. this year. One son in Portland, one married son living in Coos Bay. Planning to retire early in 1983.*

*"Eldred Mittet and wife, Phyllis, of Concord, California, say they are permanently settled there and will be celebrating their 38th wedding anniversary in December. Eldred is now retired from Bumble Bee Seafoods after working for them for almost 39 years. They have two children: a son and a daughter, and three grandchildren.*

*"Raymond Fedje, (Dr.) and wife, Betty, of Anchorage, Alaska, says after 30 years in the Methodist ministry, he has retired and is now manager of the*

*Behavioral Health Division of the Dept. of Health for the city. They have been married for 33 years and have a daughter Bettyrae, 25. Betty teaches music at the high school."*

And now, once more, on August 1, 1992, the surviving members of the Class of '42 will gather to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation from Astoria High School. How many will come? Actual statistics are hard to come by because there have been a few members who vanished after graduation and have never been heard from since; but the committee is expecting to see more than fifty former classmates and their spouses in attendance.

But no matter how many do come, the spirit of the Class of '42 of Astoria High School will carry on as long as even one member of the class survives.

Roger Tetlow, chronicler of the Class of '42, is founder and past editor of "Cumtux." A graduate of the University of Oregon School of Journalism, he made writing his career. In addition to the well-known books, "The Astorian" and "Barbey, the Story of a Pioneer Columbia River Salmon Packer," Tetlow has written several works of fiction and was one of the co-authors of a history of Clatsop and Tillamook Counties used in the grade schools of these two counties. ♦



### *The 9th grade of John Jacob Astor School in 1939.*

*Front row (L to R): Stan Williamson, Marian Coles, Maxine Coles, Charlie Swanson, Louis Ystad, Ruth Alstad, Eldon Cronk, Edith Lovvold, Pete Antoniou, Verdun Parker.*

*Second row: Betsy Mae Brunson, Barbara Roth, Monk Anderson, La Verne Sigfridson, Dorothy O'Bryan, Osborn Grimstad, Mary Ann Tittenger, Thelma Koski, Harvey Anderson.*

*Third row: Ruben Wirkkunen, John Brunson, Claude Asquith, Helen Peppas, Ardis Sagen, Marguerite Rissman, Galen McGraw, Dorothy Palmrose, unknown.*



# Honoring Captain Robert Gray

Vera Gault

**I**n 1892 Astorians honored Captain Robert Gray's discovery of the Columbia River with a Centennial celebration.

In 1992 Captain Gray's historic achievement was the focus of a Bicentennial celebration. What changes did a 100-year time span make? Were the two celebrations very similar or very different?

Naturally, a wealth of information is available about this year's Bicentennial, while only scanty material has filtered down from 100 years ago. Still, we can discern a surprising number of similarities.

To begin, both celebrations centered on the three days including May 11, the date of Gray's entry into the river. The Centennial opened on Tuesday, May 10, 1892 and proceeded through Thursday, May 12. The Bicentennial started its festivities on Saturday, May 9, 1992, holding its dedicatory ceremonies on Monday, May 11.

Even though 100 years separated the two celebrations, the main events were remarkably similar. In 1892 Astoria Mayor M.C. Crosby gave the address of welcome to the crowd gathered in the Opera House (NE corner of the present 12th and Duane.) In 1992 Mayor Willis Van Dusen participated in the opening ceremonies held at the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Other similarities during each three-day observance were: both celebrations featured a grand land parade, a night parade of lighted boats, and the arrival of visiting vessels welcoming guests on board. Each

celebration featured a prominent historian as keynote speaker. The first was Professor John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass. Also featured was Col. John McCracken of Boston, Gray's home city. He read a paper on "Voyages of the Columbia." Chief speaker at the Bicentennial was Thomas Vaughn, long-time director of the Oregon Historical Society. His address reviewed Capt. Gray's voyages in northwest waters and the significance of his discovery of "this Noble River."

Other notable speakers appeared on the program. In 1992 state dignitaries on the program included Oregon's governor, Barbara Roberts, U.S. Senator Bob Packwood, and U.S. Representative Les AuCoin.

In both programs, earliest residents of the Lower Columbia, the Native Americans, were acclaimed. In 1892 Dr. W.C. McKay of Pendleton, himself a descendant of Chief Comcomly, spoke on the history of the Indians. In 1992 Indians in full regalia presented a program of native songs and dances at the Eagles Hall at 9th and Commercial, and Robert Moberg, also a descendant of Comcomly, gave the invocation at the opening ceremonies. Ceremonies at the Centennial were opened with a prayer as well.

Band music was featured at various programs during the three days of each celebration. In 1892 the Marine band from Portland provided a concert at the Opera House. In 1992 bands furnished parade music, and musicians from the Clatsop Community College and the community staged 11 performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera,

## Committees

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### ARRANGEMENTS.

C. S. Wright, C. J. Trenchard, Samuel Elmore,  
H. J. H. D. Gray, J. W. Gearhart, Dr. J. A. Fulton,  
Hon. Judge F. J. Taylor, Alexander Campbell.

### RECEPTION.

Hon. Magnus C. Crosby, Mayor; Captain Geo. Flavel,  
J. C. Trullinger, C. H. Page, John Hobson,  
Hon. C. W. Fulton, W. W. Parker, Rev. W. S. Short,  
Rev. Father Diehlman, Rev. G. C. Hall,  
Dr. A. C. Kinney.

### FINANCE.

I. W. Case, - - - Chairman.

### ENTERTAINMENT.

Mrs. C. J. Trenchard, Chairman.

### TRANSPORTATION.

L. A. Loomis, E. A. Noyes, M. P. Callender,  
J. O. Hanthorn, Capt. U. B. Scott, S. Jensen,  
Capt. E. P. Parker, Capt. Chas. T. Cann,  
B. F. Tucker, Capt. John Babbidge, Alex. Holman,  
Capt. J. W. Brown, Capt. C. S. Gunderson,  
Capt. John Pickernell, Capt. Max. Skibbe,  
Frank McGregor.

### RELICS.

P. J. McGowan, S. B. Smith, Capt. J. G. Hustler,  
W. H. Smith, Judge John Briscoe, Job Ross.

Town Talk Print

*Page from the 1892 Centennial booklet.*

*H.M.S. Pinafore*, in the Astoria High School auditorium, its nautical theme especially appropriate for the maritime theme of events.

One outstanding feature of each

celebration was a huge salmon dinner. Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair, in her autobiography, described the 1892 event for which she was food chairman. "At each end of the five long tables was

placed a Royal Chinook salmon smoking hot from the oven, accompanied by hot creamed potatoes and all the appropriate accessories. The various canneries contributed these salmon which weighed from 60 to 80 pounds each. Large roasting pans were made to order, and the salmon were roasted in bakers' ovens and from thence taken directly to the tables...rarely is seen so rare, so happy and well satisfied a company as partook of those salmon."

We have been considering the similarities of the two celebrations. Now, a look at these two salmon feeds highlights one big difference - the disparity in the size of the salmon. Diners of 100 years ago would never have imagined that salmon served a century later would weigh only from eight to ten pounds, a condition that speaks of the dramatic changes in the economy and culture through the years.

Darlene Felkins, business manager of the Clatsop County Historical Society, made the arrangements for our Bicentennial salmon feed. She reports that this year's salmon was furnished by Point Adams Packing Company. It was served with a half-pound portion being placed on the plate of each of the 300 diners along with a helping of baked beans, cole slaw, and potato salad. The event took place at the Clatsop County Fairgrounds in Astoria. The charge, at \$8 per plate, was a fund raiser for the Lewis and Clark Pageant Association of Seaside.

Another difference in the two celebrations is the wider participation in the latter event. All facets of the communities on both sides of the river have geared their activities towards historical themes: schools, the arts, crafts, museums with special exhibits, and a flood of publicity. Maybe one reason for the broader involvement is that a Bicentennial seems more significant than a Centennial. Also, in

the present day, there are more people to participate. However, Astoria's population of 10,000 in 1992, after periodic ups-and-downs, has gained only 1,000 since its 1892 celebration. But added participation this year came from many communities in the two states along the "Noble River."

Also, as noted earlier, we don't have an abundance of information about the earlier event, so certainly there were many more activities than we now realize. At least we know that the Centennial was the result of long-time planning and the efforts of many, for the committees arranged to bring two noted speakers from the east coast, and they brought two U.S. warships, the *Charleston* and the *Baltimore*, from their stations. They had to coordinate transportation and hospitality for all the visitors. So, we can surmise that there was plenty going on in Astoria in 1892.

Probably the greatest difference between the two centennials is the availability and support of the media and all its technology in the latter observance. Extensive newspaper and magazine coverage is bringing visitors from other states to enjoy the 75 special events listed in the calendar developed by the Columbia River Bicentennial Commission, whose local members include prominent newspaper publisher, J.W. Forrester, and Oregon government officials, Joan Dukes and Jackie Taylor. Radio and television have added to the spread of information and the enjoyment of many events. The technology of public address systems has added to the comfort of some occasions, no longer requiring that every speaker have a booming voice.

In retrospect, I venture that the Centennial and the Bicentennial have more similarity than difference, especially in the most significant features. These include the cooperation and harmony demonstrated by all the committees and communities involved



in the recognition of Captain Robert Gray's discovery of the Columbia River.

I wonder what events will occur at the Tricentennial in 2092.

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*Vera Gault is a well-known writer of Clatsop County history and winner of the prestigious George Award. A list of*

*her publications includes, "Walking Tour of Astoria," "A Brief History of Astoria, Oregon, 1811-1900," "The Astors and Astoria," and "Centennial History of the Astoria Public Library," all of which can be purchased at the Clatsop County Historical Society and at local bookstores. ♦*

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## Fire Department Notes

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### *Always on Hand for Duty*

One of the most genial, whole-souled citizens of Astoria is Nick Wyman (Squivalence) as everybody calls him. Night before last Nick had gone to bed before the alarm of the fire was sounded calling the department together for a run to uptown. Nick is a member of the old reliable Astoria Fire Co. No. 1. He is on the muscle, and willing to man the brakes whenever an emergency calls him. As keeper of the Chicago house [saloon] he is always surrounded by a jolly crowd of good fellows, ever ready to assist him in carrying out his purposes. Well, to make a story brief, Nick heard the bell, and jumped out of bed with the remark to Mrs. Wyman, "Ma, where's my shoes?" The shoes had been misplaced, but as Nick was never known to be behind time, he put himself inside of a part of about three suits of clothing (belonging to boarders), put Mrs. W's slippers on, and was off for the fire, leaving word that when his shoes were found, they should be sent to him at the scene of the conflagration, which, from the Chicago house, was supposed to be

the Occident hotel [10th & Bond]. Nick was seen no more until after the chief engineer turned his company back, and then reported "at home." But John, one of the bar keepers, had been dispatched with the shoes, and in the darkness of night had missed "Squivalence" on the way, and carried the shoes two miles and a half to the fire, and back again remarking to Nick as he stepped in and handed them to him, "here are your shoes." It was a pretty good joke all around and was richly enjoyed by Nick, and all of his friends, particularly the faithful bar keeper, who was bound to carry out the instructions of his employer. ♦

— From the August 3, 1878 Weekly Astorian

**A**t the time of the 1922 fire, Astoria had four fire stations. The first one from the west was Hose Station No. 2 located at Melbourne and Taylor Streets in Uniontown. Next was Hose Station No. 1 at 4th and Astor. Engine Station No. 1 was at 17th and Commercial. In the east part of town was Hose Station No. 3 at 45th and Bond.

# Astoria in 1899 looking toward the



Many of these buildings still stand today. Foreground center is the J.H.D. Gray house at 1687 Grand St. To the left is the Albert Ferguson house, 1661 Grand, built in 1886. The Episcopal Church 1555 Franklin, appears above them (1885). The large house on the left side of the photo is the Nancy Dickerson Welch house, which was replaced in 1903 by the George C. Flavel house, on the SW corner of 15th & Franklin. The flat roofed house to the right of the Gray house is the Chas. Heilborn house,



# the mouth of the Columbia River



1546 Franklin, built about 1870. Next right is the Col. James Taylor house, built about 1880, which was later turned around and moved to the bottom of the block and is now a part of the Chalet Apts. The Masonic Temple was built in its place. In the lower right is the Adam Van Dusen house (1864) which was torn down and replaced by the Columbia Memorial Hospital, now the Clatsop Care Center. Below the 1st ship on the left is the Kinney Cannery; below the 2nd is the Parker House Hotel.



# Reminiscences of an old Astoria House

Charles E. Haddix

**H**ow often have we heard the phrase, "If only these walls could talk?" Well, if you will bear with me, I'll tell you the story of my life in Astoria, Oregon.

Through the combined research of Astoria city records by Liisa Penner plus the material and recollections of Charles E. Haddix, I am able to tell you this story.

First of all, let me introduce myself. I have had at least two names and possibly one more. My first name was "Captain Betts' Place." Later it was changed to the "Haddix House." At this time, I cannot recall any other name.

My address was 730 Commerical Street, between 16th and 17th Streets in downtown Astoria, Oregon, on the Columbia River. The first mention of me is in the Astoria city directory for 1902 as the "residence scow" (how disgusting!) of William Albert Betts, river pilot.

I had a twin not far from where I lived. His place was on Exchange, a few yards east of Kelley's Grocery that was on the corner of 17th and Exchange Streets. He was a fascinating place. His owner was an old sailing ship seaman by the name of "Liverpool Jack." All the kids around that neighborhood, like James Kelley and young Haddix, used to visit the old sailor and hear the salty stories of bygone days, about ships of wood and men of steel. I have a few of those stories to tell some day but that will digress from the one I want to talk about today.

I can recall once hearing Liverpool Jack's house bragging that he was on a sand lot about twenty feet below street level. His guests had to climb down

what Jack called a "pilot ladder" to visit him. That was well and good for a sailor's house, but a captain's house, like me, has to maintain his dignity.

At this time, a short description of myself is in order. I was a small but lovely house built on a river scow like others in my day. The first third of my house, facing Commercial Street, was the living room. It was light and airy with plenty of windows. The middle third had a kitchen to the east and a large dining room to the west. The back third, or north side of the house, contained at least two bedrooms. On both sides of the house were climbing roses that grew in pots on the floor outside the house. The front, facing Commercial Street, was open for a long time, but, upon the arrival of young Haddix, it was fenced in to keep him out of trouble.

To the east, a short distance away, was the Commercial Street firehouse where the firemen used to come out and sun themselves during the warmer days. One of them, "Tiny" Arrigoni, gave little Charles a teddy bear that he still has to this day. I can recall Mr. Haddix having friends over after fishing on the river, cleaning tom cod and telling stories while Mrs. Haddix was preparing dinner, but that's getting ahead of my story.

Like many a scow residence of that day, I was first floated into place and firmly anchored until a stone breakwater was built between me and the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation wharf to the south. Later, when sand was dredged in to fill the space, I became a permanent fixture.

Later mentions of me are in the



*Baby Charles E. Haddix with his father, Charles H. Haddix, and his grandmother, Emma Stone Haddix, in 1917. The scow (house boat) is in the background surrounded by roses grown in pots and tended by Mattie Haddix.*

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1904 and 1906 city directories for Astoria. I was glad to note that the directories had finally deleted the name "scow" from my description.

My first owner was the one who gave me considerable pride. Captain William Albert Betts was a colorful individual. As a pilot, there are few today who can meet his qualifications. A Master Mariner in steam and sail, he was licensed as both a bar and river

pilot. At the time of his passing, his seniority in service as a Columbia River pilot was unmatched.

From the *Daily Morning Astorian* of August 10, 1912, the following is reported: "Captain William A. Betts, better known as 'Al' Betts was the oldest pilot on the Columbia at the time of his death. Captain Betts was born in St. Johns, New Brunswick, seventy-three years ago. From early infancy, he



followed the sea and has since been engaged as a mariner and a steamboat man. While a young man he participated in the Maori wars in New Zealand. About 50 years ago, he came to the Pacific Coast. Shortly after arriving here, he identified himself with the fisheries on the Sacramento River under Mr. Hume, one of the pioneers in the fishing industry in the west.

"Later he entered the Alaska steamship service out of the Columbia River and Puget Sound and played a prominent part in its early history.

"About 40 years ago he joined Captain George Flavel in the pilot service on the Columbia River bar. The service given by Captain Flavel was the first of this nature known on the Columbia River. From that date until the time of his retirement, Capt. Betts has been on the Columbia River continuously either as a bar pilot or a river pilot. In later years he was a river pilot exclusively. Captain Betts was one of the charter members of the Columbia River Pilots Association.

"Captain Betts' experience on and about the Columbia made him the most informed of all in matters pertaining to conditions at the mouth of the river and in it. He was thoroughly read in nautical affairs and kept constantly in touch with all that pertains to them, particularly as they affected the Columbia. For that reason, he was generally recognized as the best authority on the subject.

"Captain Betts had a striking peculiarity in the matter of dress. He was of exceedingly fastidious taste and was always immaculately dressed. He was a prominent figure in Astoria and was uniformly courteous to his friends and never passed an acquaintance without greeting him." Is it any wonder that I was so proud of him?

Now, back to me. . . . I am sure I was around long before 1902 but, like many of my age, memory fails me in that respect. I can recall that happy day on April 19, 1903, when the Captain

brought his bride, the former Miss Laura Humbel, to share his joy in living in me.

What fun we had in those days. Captain and Mrs. Betts enjoyed entertaining friends and business acquaintances. They had an oak chest full of beautiful silverware that included gold-plated dessert spoons and a large set of Haviland china. Throughout my house were many valuable pieces of furniture, including a marble-topped dresser, china cabinets, and an oak dining table that, when fully extended, almost filled my dining room. Laura's brothers, Henry and William Humbel who lived nearby in O'Brien's Hotel, were often present at many of their dinner parties.

Laura Humbel, her brothers and sister, Annie, came to Astoria from Portland around 1888 when Annie Humbel married J.P. Betts in Astoria. Another brother, Frank, remained in Portland.

Not all was joy, however. Henry Humbel passed away on May 27th and his sister, Captain Betts' wife Laura, died on June 22, 1911 at 49 years of age.

This was too much for the Captain. The death of Laura after nine years of happy married life left him in surroundings that carried more memories than he could handle. Some time after Laura's death, Captain Betts sold me, complete with all the furnishings, to Charles H. Haddix, Deputy Collector of U. S. Customs, with whom he had both a personal and business relationship.

Captain Betts left me to move to the Weinhard Astoria Hotel in downtown Astoria, where he passed away a little over a year later, on August 10, 1912. He left numerous friends and business associates who mourned his passing. Like the true sailor he was, Capt. Betts was buried at sea in 35 fathoms of water, one mile off the Columbia River bar. The Daily



Astorian reported on August 23, 1912 that his ashes, encased in a block of cement, were escorted by five Captains and other friends, on the tug Fearless. After a brief service, ending with the reciting of the Captain's favorite poem, "The Sailor's Grave," the party returned to Astoria.

With the arrival of Charles and Mattie Haddix, joy again entered my place. Mattie's family history dated back to the early days of the founding of the Republic of Texas. Surprisingly enough, both Charles and Mattie could trace their roots to Fauquier County, Virginia, in the early 1600's. Following Mattie's graduation in 1900 from Baylor University in Waco, Texas, they were married and left on a railroad honeymoon that lasted until 1904, when Charles became a clerk for the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company in Astoria. The year 1906 found him a freight clerk for the Pacific Navigation Company, living only two blocks from me, and in 1908 he became a deputy inspector of the U.S. Customs in the Astoria District.

Once again I was the scene of parties and other festive occasions. Mattie became involved in church and social work. In 1911 her background in elocution from Baylor University earned her a place in the play, *Bridge of the Gods*, at the Astoria City Park on the 100th anniversary of the founding of Astoria.

Mattie wasn't the only one with adventures in the Haddix family while they lived in me. On October 2, 1913, the *S.S. Glenesslin*, enroute from Santos, Brazil, to the Columbia River, struck the rocks on Neahkahnie mountain where she eventually sank. After the report came in to British Vice-Consul Philip Cherry in Astoria, Charles Haddix, the senior ranking government customs official in the area, was delegated to go overland to Nehalem, down Neahkahnie mountain and take official possession of the

vessel. He later reported that the Neahkahnie mountain portion was a hair-raising experience and preferred that ships would ground themselves closer to Astoria, as that would make his work much easier and safer than the overland travel he had just experienced.

On March 7, 1914, Charles Haddix was elected Commodore of the Astoria Motor Boat Club, and on November 1, 1915, the club was incorporated with Charles listed among the incorporators. His motor boat, the *Wacotex*, was a popular one on the Columbia River. With his work as a deputy collector, he was now wedded to the river as well as his wife. Night watches on steamers loading coal at the Port Docks and keeping a sharp lookout for smugglers on vessels going up river to Portlad kept him busy.

Finally after a wait of 15 years, at 3:20 p.m. November 23rd, 1915, I was happy to welcome aboard Charles E. Haddix, who, with the assistance of Dr. Nellie Vernon, was born right here in me in Astoria. On January 13 of the following year, Charles Haddix, deputy collector, was placed in charge of the Astoria office.

Life within me in those days was full of joy and happiness. Charles had purchased some land near Fernhill and was building a home and farm. On weekends and holidays, Mattie and their little son, Charles, would join him. For the first time in his later life, Charles could combine his love for the water and land together. Unfortunately, in 1917, the war clouds of Europe were showing their effect on the United States. Two German sailing ships were in the area, one at Clifton and the other, a more famous one, the *Kurt*, was at the Port Docks in Astoria.

On April 6, 1917, it became Charles' duty to intern the officers of both vessels who had become his personal friends. Captain Tonnesin, of the *Kurt*, gave him several mementos of his vessel. She was first renamed the

*Dreadnaught* and later, the name she now carries, *Moshalu*.

The morning of February 12, 1920, Lincoln's birthday, dawned bright and clear as Charles left to spend the holiday working on their farm at Fernhill. He was working alone under the house, when one of the moving jacks slipped and the house shifted, crushing him to death. A close friend, Mrs. O.W. Whitman, who lived nearby, came to invite him to lunch and discovered the accident.

Although the death of Charles made the headlines in the *Astoria Budget*, this did little to assuage Mattie's grief. Nor did his funeral, that included all the prominent citizens of Astoria, ease her pain. Time alone would heal, to some extent, her wounds. In fact, she was never to remarry and would keep his memory alive until her passing, years later.

Five months after the death of Charles, Dr. Nellie Vernon again assisted another Haddix, his daughter, Mary Lee, into this world. By now Mattie was determined to make a life of her own and in 1921 she sold me to another party. With the money from my sale, she moved up to 624 Exchange and opened a boarding house next to the City Hall.

As for me, I was again settling down to a new owner when only a few months later, my own history was about to come to a dramatic climax.

It began early in the morning of Dec. 8, 1922, when the alarm bell in the firehouse next door began its strident clanging. Fireman slid down the brass pole connecting their bedroom with the engines and in moments the doors of the house had swung open and the trucks passed by me on their rush downtown. It was to no avail; this was to be Astoria's greatest disaster since the downtown fire of 1883. The huge fire that wiped out the Hammond Mill in Uppertown a few months previously was to pale before this blaze. As the

dawn in the east began to match the glow of the fires in the west, the hopelessness of the situation became apparent. Helpless and unable to move, I remained with the other nearby buildings as the fire trucks, from as far away as Portland, passed us on their way to the scene. I could smell the huge column of billowing smoke and hear the screams of the burning houses on Bond, Commercial and Duane Streets as the crackling flames came closer and closer. My old friend, the fire house next door, calmly awaited his fate. As the flames closed in, I looked up at the City Hall and at the Haddix house next door that would be saved but with all the paint on the side facing me becoming huge blisters. At least my friends, the little Haddix family, would be safe.

The old firehouse next to me remarked, "If we must go, I would rather go down in flames to a fiery death that will live forever in the memories of the future Astorians than to rot away and finally be torn down and destroyed in the name of progress." My last thought was, "What a good epitaph that will be for both of us."

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*Charles E. Haddix is listed in the 1990 edition of "Who's Who in California" as a legislative and regulatory consultant. His distinguished career includes service as a field consultant to U.S. Senator Alan Cranston and as a member and chairman of the California State Forum on Refugee Affairs. He served in the Merchant Marine before and during World War II. He worked in management with various radio and television stations and as a legislative advocate. Mr. Haddix resides in Sanger, CA, with his wife, the former Bettie Lee Wylie, with whom he makes frequent visits to his hometown of Astoria.*

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# The Walluski-Labiske Neighborhood

Jean McKinney

**I**n August of 1910, the Portland and Astoria newspapers were full of the return of John Trullinger to the U.S. after eight years of studying painting in Europe. He was accompanied by his wife and Raymond Trullinger, the son of his brother, William. In a short autobiographical sketch written in 1958, John speaks of this time: "Further, when Will's son was about four years old--his dear mother's health became poorly, and later she passed away. Preceding this sudden event, Will's wife was very much desirous regarding that I and my wife

would take Raymond under our care; because his Grandmother, Mrs. Raymond, was old and poor in health. Accordingly, we followed out his Mother's wishes. Subsequently, during 1902, in company with my wife and Raymond we traveled over Europe." The artist was honored with shows in Portland where he established his studio.

Back in the Little Walluski area, Simon Parhaniemi had bought some land near his brother. In 1912 he went back to Finland to marry Etla Kyllinen. He and his new bride returned, to work



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*Jimmy Ryan's logging operation before WW I near present Olney. The inclined rollway was used to load logs onto wagons pulled by one or two teams of horses. Cable stretches from one of the drums turned by the steam power of the donkey engine and hauls in another log in this ground lead operation. Olney Road is at the middle right.*

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Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*Jimmy Ryan is at center in this pre-WW I photo. Note the "staggered" pants. The end of the log shows the undercut made by the axe. The wagon could be adjusted to carry longer logs by removing a pin and sliding the axle back.*

and raise their family along the Walluski River. Their son, Waino, was born in 1914, and subsequently, two daughters, Lydia and Sylvia, were born. The children didn't speak English until they went to school, and Simon always took Waino with him when he went to town so that Waino could translate for him. Simon continued to work for Fred Parhaniemi for several years.

### **The Palmer Logging Co.**

About this time, two Palmer brothers who had lived in Jewell, were preparing to set up a logging operation in the Walluski area. They moved their railroad and equipment to the neighborhood from Blind Slough. Albert Alonzo Palmer and his brother, Axel Bamburg (Bami) Palmer, were the eldest children of James Clark Palmer and Sarah Jane Wiswall, who came to Jewell in about 1882-3 with Bami, Albert, and May. They had five more children, all born at Hopkins P.O. (Jewell), from 1884 to 1893. All except

the two oldest boys left for British Columbia in December 1899.

The Astoria Evening Budget on March 1, 1914 reported on activities in the woods around Astoria. "Last evening, Birch and Jacobsen completed their contract for the construction of 2000 feet of railway trestle, as well as a rollway and log boom for the Palmer Logging company in the Walluski river district. The company has about one mile of track laid on its logging railroad and now has a locomotive and train running, hauling material and supplies for carrying on the work. Bunkers are being erected for the storing of rock which is to be used in ballasting the track. The Palmer Logging company has about 100,000,000 feet of timber belonging to the Sorenson Logging company to take out and it expects to have its camps in operation within six weeks."

In preparation for building this railroad, the Palmers purchased permission to build their right-of-way

across the Irving tideland. This, plus some big cedars on the tideland which the Irvings took out, gave them enough capital to build a fine home higher on the hill than the original home. They built the house from large firs cut along the south line of the Irving property above the tideland. Cedar blocks were used for the foundation.

It was a time of unrest in Europe, and eventually, the United States became involved in World War I. The Palmer Company got a government contract to provide spruce for the war effort and things began to bustle around the Walluski. The new activity in the woods created an economic boom in the neighborhood and the population began to swell. Bunkers had been built to store rock brought up the river on barges. The bunkers were located just south of the present Irving bridge. The rock, to be used for the railbeds, was also spread on the roads. Labiske Road, for the first time, was rocked as far as the Ryan's. It may be coincidental that Jack Ryan was on the County Road Commission at the time. The rock was transported from the bunkers in horse-drawn wagons for the most part, but as far as the Irving's driveway, it was hauled in wheelbarrows.

The railroad ran southeast from the rollway, then across the Irving's tideland. It then turned east behind the houses which now are on the south side of Labiske Road. The camp was in the flats behind Herb Clark's property. At the height of their operation, they had about fifty or sixty men living at the camp. From there, the railroad went up the hill to the southeast. A roundhouse was built behind what is now the Bingaman's

property. The Palmer business offices were located in Portland and the company eventually became known as Palmer-Libby.

The children of the Palmer employees, who lived at the camp, attended Mountain View School. If they ran all the way to the bridge after school, they could catch the train the rest of the way home. Johanna Rasmussen had friends there, Sylvia Hill and Georgia Davis. (They were both strong competitors in the spelling bees.) She remembers what fun it was to go home with them after school.

The Palmer Logging Company did all of the diking along the lower reaches of the Walluski River in order to get their barges up to the landing and, of course, to be able to drift their logs



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*These two steam donkeys, fueled by cordwood, were used in a logging operation about 1918-1919. one donkey hauled the logs out of the woods and the other loaded the logs onto the railroad car. The lower line has a "belly" on it (slack).*

downstream to the rafting area. They dumped the logs in the river, roughly across the road from the old Watson Elliott place. There is a sharp bend in the river there and the pilings stretched from the mouth of the Little Walluski to the Walluski Bridge on the Nehalem Road. Gates or booms were built to swing open with the outgoing tide and

close with the incoming tide. With that arrangement, the logs were transported downstream automatically and could not float back upstream when the tide came in. At the rafting grounds there were a couple of floating buildings where there was a gas-powered saw used to cut off butts and rotten or flawed wood.

Cecilia, had a big float house on the Walluski just below the sand bank. It is remembered by some to be about 50 x 100'. Cecilia worked as a cook for the rafting crew on the river. Besides just the rafting crew, there were scalers and log buyers, and boatmen bringing rails and railroad ties; she never knew how many would show up for the next meal, but she always seemed to have enough

to go around. She had been born in Haparanda, Sweden, and she remembered that her father would walk across the Tornio River in the winter to Finland to buy things. Cecilia had come to Clatskanie with her family when she was very young. Her mother and father were lost on a trip to Portland and she had no relatives. The Swedish Consul paid her board and room in Clatskanie until she married Frank Elliott at the age of fourteen.

Frank may have worked for Palmer in the Blind Slough area before they came here, because he came at about the same time as John and Hjalmar Anderson. The Andersons had been with Palmer on Blind Slough and on the Davis Bottom railroad. Frank Elliott and the Andersons took on the rafting of Palmer's logs in the Walluski.

When the Elliotts came, they had two children, Bertha and Watson. Watson was

about ten years old then and several years younger than his sister. He was the same age as Ed Labiske and Ray Irving and they became great friends.



Courtesy of Jean McKinney

*This 13 x 13 wide-face donkey-yarder was built by Smith & Watson for the Palmer Logging Co. and was used in Walluski. The donkey rested on a platform along with the cable drums. Spar tree is in the background at right.*

### Frank Elliott

Frank Elliott came to the Little Walluski area to work on the boom for Palmer Logging Co. He and his wife,



Some time later, the Elliotts also had Frank's nieces, Axie and Effie Palmer, living with them. Bami Palmer, their father, asked the Elliotts to take the girls when his wife, Electa Elliott Palmer, died. The Palmer sisters were the envy of the other girls at school because they wore stylish lace-up leather boots which came just below the knee. After Bami Palmer was able to build a house in the Palmer camp, the girls moved back with their dad and kept house for him. Mr. Elliott was very active in civic affairs, helping to found the grange, serving on juries, and later influencing the decision to build a north-south road in the neighborhood.

#### Walluski Schools

There was, as yet, no road through from the Little Walluski to Labiske Road, so the Elliott children attended the school which was located by the Walluski Bridge on the Nehalem Road (Hwy 202) near the Bartoldus property. Mr. Bartoldus had homesteaded (before 1900) the property now generally known as the Navy Hospital. There is red shack behind and west of the Jim Hogan house (on the Navy Hospital property) which served as a school at one time. Then Mr. Bartoldus donated some land on the south side of the river, just east of the Walluski bridge, for a school. There was boat landing there and several other out-buildings. The Walluski School District was established March 14, 1889. Some of the students (the Elliotts, the Boyles, and the Fred Parhaniemi children) came from across the

Walluski and were delivered by boat each day. The skiff's name was "Little One." In 1916 the school burned and a new one was built along the road and away from the river. Then, some time later, another building for District #26 was built on the Wisbeck place, just east of the present College farm. Mrs. Wisbeck was Christine Henningsen, daughter of Thor and Kristine.

All the boys in the neighborhood picked up odd jobs when they could.



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*12 x 14 Willamette wideface donkey engine used for ground-lead logging. Large drum is for the mainline cable. The haulback drum is out of view behind it.*

Ray Irving was driving the team on the merry-go-round for his father in the summertime. He also carried mail to the Palmer camp. He admired the beautiful whittling the men did when they came in after work.

Hans Petersen, who was logging in the Little Walluski area, bought a few acres from Dan Young on the north end of his land and built a home there.

Johanna Rasmussen's grandfather came from Denmark to live with them in 1914. He made wooden shoes that she wore to school. She remembers often running down the hill after school accidentally kicking one ankle with the other shoe. She still winces at the



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*Eric Klahr, the whistle punk, pulled on the wire attached to the whistle on the donkey to signal the donkey engineer when a log was ready to be hauled in.*

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memory.

### Julius Labiske

One day at school in October of 1914, a man came to get the Labiske children. He brought the news that their father, Julius Labiske, had been killed in the woods. Julius was only 37. Mrs. Labiske was left with two girls and four boys, ranging in age from fifteen years to just a few months. Mike Goig, Philip Krufft, and Johnnie Hepburn, all of whom had worked with Julius, helped Mrs. Labiske a great deal after the accident. She received State Industrial Accident Compensation and got a check every month until she died. With that, and by selling cream and butter at the Lower Columbia Creamery, the family managed.

Carl, who was only three at the time of his father's death, remembers the men who came to help out until the family got on its feet. He remembers especially Johnnie Hepburn who lived at the Palmer camp and was the engineer. His wife was the cook at the camp. Carl's older brother Gust, fourteen, began to grow into the role of

the man of the house.

Carl and Herman were the babies of the family and they enjoyed growing up at the end of the road in the country. They had a hundred acres to play in. Some of their best times were accompanying their mother to the "crick" (the Walluski) to catch fish for supper. The big salmon always interested them.

### Hugh Irving

A couple of years later, Hugh Irving died of heart trouble. Mr. Irving was a longtime resident of the neighborhood and his funeral was a big event. Johanna Rasmussen remembers being allowed to go into the Irving's parlor at the time of the funeral.

The Irving boys, just as the Labiske boys, had to take over the support of the family. George Irving was 18 when his father died and was quite capable of assuming the responsibility of the head of the house. When young Carl Labiske was about ten, he worked for George Irving milking cows and putting up hay. He boarded with the Irvings for about a



year.

One afternoon the two Kamy girls ran up to the Irvings' porch excitedly exclaiming, in the best way they could, that Waino had fallen into the river. The fish below the bridge fascinated him so that he lost his balance and toppled right off. He was retrieved and taken to the Irving house to warm up and dry his clothes. The girls, in the meantime, had hightailed it for the Parhaniemi's to tell his papa. While Waino was still wrapped in a warm towel, father Simon arrived and in his faltering English thanked them for their rescue efforts and apologized for the inconvenience. With that, he hustled Waino and his wet clothes off toward home.

About this time, the Beckner family left the area and their home was bought by Frederick Wilhelm Britz. He came here from Sweden and worked as a timber faller for Palmer Logging. Mrs. Britz came from a Swedish settlement in Finland and spoke Swedish. They subscribed to a Swedish language newspaper printed in Minnesota. Copies of this paper, dated 1914, were found neatly rolled and stuffed around the window frames in the house seventy years later. They provided the impetus for this story. The Jack Davies, who now own the house, still have some of the newspapers and some have been given to the Astoria Public Library.

Eddie Ryan worked on the locomotive for Palmer-Libby from 1912 until 1919. The engine was a Climax woodburner and he got up at 4 a.m. to start the fire in the boiler. It took about three hours to get a head of steam up on the engines. Since Eddie was a small man, he was better suited for railroad work than logging. Jimmy Ryan also worked for Palmer

when they first started logging in the neighborhood, but he joined the army about 1914 and served overseas for some time. Both Ryan boys were very polite and had beautiful singing voices.

A lot of timber was taken from these hillsides in the 1880's and from



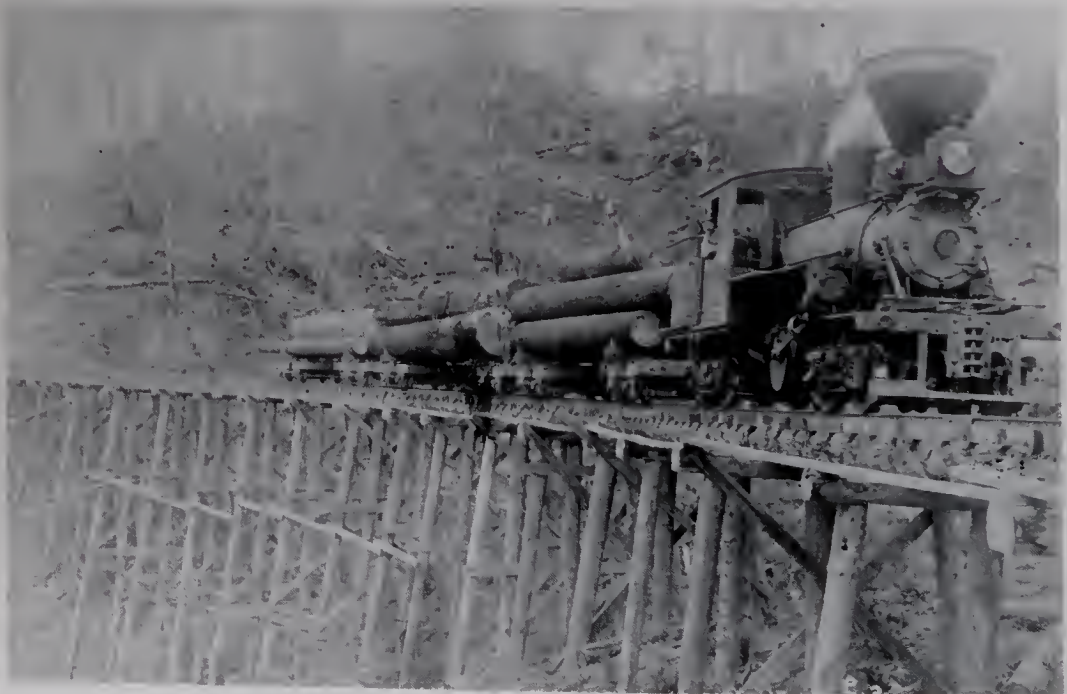
Courtesy of Jean McKinney

*The highest trestle, about 95 feet high, up the Palmer Road above the Walluski River about 1916-17. Piling was not driven into the ground but was bolted into notched "mud sills". Note the figure sitting on the trestle.*



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*Logs loaded on disconnected truck using A frame loader. Note primitive link-in pin on end of truck (railroad car).*



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*The 45-ton Climax engine, No. 2, belonging to Palmer-Libby Logging Co. with Johnnie Hepburn as engineer in Brownsmead before it was moved to the Walluski area in 1914. It was later shipped to Winchester Bay when Palmer Logging shut down and was used until about 1935.*



1913 to 1918. Some of the flat land was burned and retained as pastures, but most of it grew back in alder and conifers. Now, seventy years later, the timber has again been harvested from some of the slopes in the neighborhood and another new generation of trees is coming on.

By 1916 the Mountain View School was bulging, so a new building was built. It was just downhill from the original one and was located on the site of the present home of the John Christies'. Classes had been held there for several months when it was dedicated in January 1917. Jack Ryan was chairman of the school board; other commissioners were Thor Henningsen, C.H. Osgood, and Eddie Ryan.

### Henningson - Hauke Families

In 1918 Jens Peder (Pete) Henningson married a widow, Petra Hauke, who already had seven children. They lived with the Henningsen family until the old school building on top of the hill was moved to the location of the present Henningsen home. In order to accommodate the large family he'd married into, Pete added onto the "schoolhouse" home and it remains basically the same today.

Palmer-Libby built a new logging camp at the top of the Palmer road. The carpenters had almost finished it when the war ended and the big demand for spruce disappeared. Within a year, Palmer-

Libby had picked up its rails and moved on. The rock boxes built alongside the right-of-way were left to rot. The end to the heavy logging brought about other changes, of course. Most men sought logging jobs with other large outfits operating in the county.

As a small boy, Waino Parhaniemi



Courtesy of Ray & Eva Irving

*Walluski Grange and the Mountain View School in 1921. These buildings were the center of social life for the families along the Walluski.*



Courtesy of Ona Elliott Brown

*The Columbia, Sharkey (Brit) and Little One about 1914. The Columbia, with its Union engine, was first a logboom boat and later a cannery tender. The boats also returned loggers to the Walluski Bridge after work as there were no roads to the log booms. The Anderson boys (John and Jalmer) lived in the house on the left. Mrs. Elliott cooked for loggers in the other building.*



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*The Parhaniemi families at a funeral about 1921. Mrs. Simon Parhaniemi is at right, holding onto her son, Waino. Next to her is Mauno Koski; next left is Mrs. Fred Parhaniemi. Simon Parhaniemi is the man holding his hat and small daughter, Lydia. Nick Parhaniemi is the child next to him in the dark suit.*

loved his life on the Walluski. He thrived on the freedom that he had living on the edge of the forest, and he made the most of every opportunity to learn about things in the woods. Seldom did he go straight home after school, but hung around with the bigger boys. One summer evening just at dark, he was sitting alone on the porch when an owl, only a few feet away, hooted at the approaching night. It scared Waino "half to death." But he quickly became used to the sounds of the woods, learning to love nature.

### Bootleg Whiskey

Mr. Irving Krupke lived in a three story house located just south of the junction of Labiske Road and the Palmer road. He was friendly, and since he had no family, he welcomed the neighborhood boys when they came by.

They liked Mr. Krupke because he paid them five cents for each whiskey flask they brought to him.

The boys searched the grounds of the grange after special events for bottles they could return for a nickel. After school they went to Mr. Krupke's to collect their money. They liked to go with him to the barn to feed his horses. At high tide his pasture was often flooded and there would be forty or fifty "silversides" flopping around in the field.

Krupke was the local supplier of bootleg whiskey for quite some time. He had some competition, but none hurt his business. Jack Ryan found a drunk lying beside the road and questioned him. On arousing, the man said that if the last bottle he'd gotten from Krupke didn't kill him, he was going to go back for another. The sheriff caught Mr.



Kruptke and put him in jail, but there was no one to care for the stock on Kruptke's place, so the deputy had to do it. Kruptke was released.

Sometime later, Mr. Kruptke was planning to blow some stumps the following day, so he put some dynamite in the side of his wood stove to warm. Eddy Ryan and "some big lout named Carlson" came by that evening to play cards. During the evening he opened the door of the stove to stoke it, and the liquid from the warm dynamite ran down the stove and onto the floor. When the card players realized what it was, they all tore out the door and across the field. They didn't stop until they had crossed the footbridge that spanned the creek. The "big lout" beat them all.

### **Fred Parhaniemi**

Although Waino was quite young, he remembers the day his cousin came running to their house with the news that Fred Parhaniemi was dead. He was driving his Ford car across the pasture and turned it over. Waino and his mother hurried down there and he remembers seeing his uncle's engineer boots sticking out from under the car. His mother wouldn't let him go close enough to see anything more. The funeral procession made a lasting impression on him also. The boat had to wait about forty-five minutes in the Walluski River for the tide to run in before it could get up to the Parhaniemi house. Boats used for that purpose were the "Hulda" and the "Butte." The family and the casket made the trip down the Walluski aboard the "Butte" and back up the Youngs River to Greenwood Cemetery. The casket lay on a light-weight cart and the mourners pulled the cart up the steep hill from the boat landing. The remains of the boat landing can still be seen across the road from the cemetery entrance.

The death of the husband and father of this large family meant great

hardship for them for years to come. The older boys often fed the family on the plentiful deer and salmon. After Fred was gone, Simon farmed and worked for the State Agricultural Station. He also worked as a logboom man and for the Irving brothers. During World War I, he worked in the shipyard for Charles Wilson and Frithiof Kankkonen. He was paid in gold and Etla put the gold in a leather tobacco pouch, then stashed it in the basement for safe keeping. Etla just happened to see the pouch disappearing down a rat-hole one day when she was in the basement to get some potatoes. She got a shovel and retrieved every gold coin, although the pouch was destroyed and the rat escaped.

In 1918 an epidemic of influenza which reached clear across the country struck many families. Clarence and Ethel Irving both died before the virus had run its course. Mr. C.H. Osgood also died in 1918. His son George took over the management of the property along with his logging activities.

Time was inevitably changing the look of the neighborhood. As some of the older generation passed away, the next generation assumed responsibility for the care of the land.

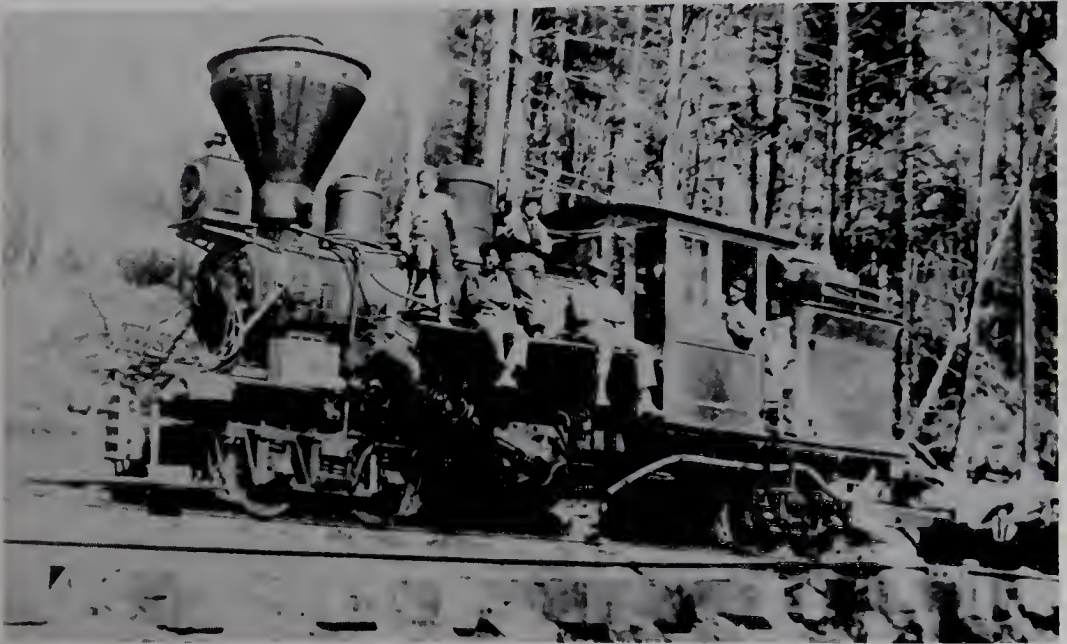
### **Early-day Deliveries**

Ingabord Rasmussen was expecting another child and the plan was that Uncle August, Nels' brother who worked at Sherman's livery stable, would bring the doctor out from town. Dr. Nellie Vernon had delivered all of the Rasmussen babies, most of them at home. Assuming that one always had to hurry when a baby was on its way, August went at full speed. The lamps on the buggy blew out, but he drove on in the darkness. When they arrived, the expectant mother was preparing coffee for the family. Uncle August, in more of a rush than the baby, was invited to come in and chat with them for awhile.

PART 3  
WALLUSKI-LABISKE NEIGHBORHOOD  
1920-1930  
TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.

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*This is the second in the series of articles written by Jean McKinney, a retired library assistant at the Astoria Public Library, who with her husband, Curtis H., lives on Labiske Road. ♦*



Courtesy of Waino Parhaniemi

*Palmer-Libby Climax engine about 1914. Gus Wallin, brakeman, Johnnie Hepburn, engineer, Eddie Ryan, fireman, Jimmy Ryan, seated with arms folded.*

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## *The Palmer Logging Co.*

Waino Parhaniemi

**T**he Palmer family was Scotch-Irish, logging in Minnesota, I believe, when they decided to move west. They first settled on a timber claim in the Nehalem Valley in Columbia county as also did Frank Elliot and his new wife who was of the tender age of 14 years. There were no roads to speak of then, but they were able to sell their claims to investment companies like the Nehalem Investment Co. and the Blodget family and others. Both Elliots and the Palmers moved to Westport where the Elliot family was established, having proved up

on a 160 acre homestead on a side hill above Marshland. The Palmers and Elliots continued logging with oxen. Steam donkeys and locomotives started to come into (common) use, I believe, about 1910, although the first logging railroad in Clatsop county was 1886. Logging in the early days was pitifully crude, using handjacks to roll logs off disconnected trucks into the water.

The Palmers met a man by the name of Libby who was able to get financing for a logging show in Davis Bottom, in what was then known as Albert and now



is called Brownsmead. They were to some extent successful, for the owners of timber in the Walluski watershed hired the Palmers and Libby to log some of their timberlands in 1914. There was a strong market, everybody having a feeling that we were drifting into a war in Europe. Then suddenly we were at war when the Germans sank an unarmed ship, the Lusitania, with much loss of life. The U.S. government then took over operation of the Palmer works and unlimited funds were available. Even Astoria had two shipyards, the Wilson shipyard at Smith Point and the McEachern yard at the foot of 7th street hill, or I should say, where the Bumble Bee Shipyard is now. The shipyards used old growth Douglas fir which grew in abundance on the hills of the Walluski watershed. All at once the government needed airplanes which in those days were made of spruce wood and linen fabric. Airplanes were made of a special quality spruce. In the Palmer working area, as I said before, the government said, "Get the timber out--Hell with the cost." At that time logging methods were changing at Davis Bottom and the first couple years Palmer logged what was called ground lead. They used donkeys with two drums or spools on which the cables were wound. The larger one, called the mainline, pulled the log into the landing, which was what the area where they were loaded was called. The other spool was the haulback, which made a circle and was hooked on the end of the mainline to pull it back out for another turn, as each trip was called. Some of the pre-war loggers also called the haulback a tripline. In about 1917, spar trees were coming into use. They would cut and trim the best tree available and put several guy cables on it, so it would be more sturdy and then run the haulback through sheaves or pulleys, so it would lift the log away from the brush and dirt, as it was pulled in. Pulling logs up to a spar tree speeded up the log-getting. Soon the landing was flooded with logs, so a young Scotsman by the name of McLean, had the bright idea to hang a boom on the spar tree and have the mainline pick the log off the ground,

then have the haulback swing the boom toward the railroad. Well, as most donkeys had only two drums, that left the question of how to swing the empty boom back for another log. That was solved by hanging a short log as a weight on a squirrel tree or sometimes a guyline. The haulback would pull the boom with a log on it and the squirrel would go up the squirrel tree, then slack off the mainline, and the haulback and the squirrel weight took the boom back for another turn. The spar tree loses its lift beyond a 1000 foot distance away from the tree quite rapidly, so a need arose for a faster, more powerful donkey which was developed, called a short-haul machine. The government gave Palmer the go-ahead to buy new donkeys which were smoother running and quieter. They took the old cast iron machines down on the Irvings' tideland adjacent to the county road. As cutting torches don't work on cast iron, they used dynamite to fragment the heavy frame and drums. The cast iron, in all probability, was sent to The Scow Bay Foundry in Astoria. In late 1919 Armistice was signed. The government, who owned Palmer Logging, ordered the company shut down.

While Palmer Logging was operating, it was considered a "good show." I don't mean a box-office hit, but the logger term for a level ground and excellent timber. Well, it wasn't level, but none of the hills were really bad and the railroad was all downhill, so the 45-ton Climax locomotive did not need much steam power to bring the logs to water. I imagine that if the Scow Bay Foundry got the cast iron from the old Palmer machines, they probably recast them as brake shoes for other railroads. When the three-country area [Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook] was into railroad logging, there never were many Climax engines. I have only seen one, the Palmer-Libby engine. Most of the other engines were three cylinder Shays, about 65 tons, with rod engines of about 120 tons used on the mainline. The Kerry line had the largest assortment of any logging railroad. It probably had about fifty engines or even a few more at its height. ♦

## Astoria: On the Wild Side

In March of 1854, H.B. Somers who was "clerking" in Astoria, wrote his nephew, "Astoria is one of the wildest places I have ever visited in all my travels. The inhabitants are from all parts of the world; as for the business of the place it is very good. The principle business is lumbering. . ." P.W. Gillette wrote in his diary that in 1852 there were three saloons in Astoria; two were forced to close through the efforts of temperance workers. Their success was short-lived, however. Twenty years later thirty busy saloons operated in the same area. The reason they were allowed to operate was that the license fees they paid to the city of Astoria bankrolled all the expensive public works the city fathers wanted, from new streets and schools to effective fire-fighting equipment. In 1880, over one-

third the city's income (\$20,860.30) came from liquor license fees (\$7,300). The relationship between those regulating the saloons and the saloon operators changed continually depending on who was in public office. Just after the turn of the century, Mayor Herman Wise fired the whole police department because they failed to enforce the laws regarding the saloons and dancehalls. In August 1922, Clatsop County Sheriff Ole Nelson was recalled for abusing denizens of "the bad lands." Later City Manager O.A. Kratz declared war on illegal activities in Astoria, netting in his raid two bloody men, one of whom was Ole Nelson, the former sheriff. It was the fire of 1922 and the rerouting of the road through Astoria that finally destroyed what was known as "one of the worst seaport hell-holes in the world." ♦



Courtesy of Astoria Public Library #R-028

*Cigar-smoking saloon operator, Albert Seafeldt, on the left, was a backer of boxer Albert Johnson (seated), the superintendent of Astoria's waterworks. Behind Johnson stands his trainer, Charles Berner. On the right is Sheriff Henry A. Smith who absconded to Belgium in 1895 with the county's tax receipts. In 1893 Johnson fought Larry Sullivan, a notorious crimp, winning the match.*



# Clatsop's Past

## WALLUSKI PIONEERS

One of the first pioneers in the Walluski area was Ira McKean, who on November 2, 1849, claimed 640 acres of land on Youngs Bay. Other settlers in the 1850's were J.W. Moffit, Enoch Blodget, Luke Taylor, Jacob G. Coe, Ambrose B. McKean, Matt McCreary and Moses P. Hubbard.

## MINING CLAIMS

The search for gold, silver, coal, oil and clay kept many Clatsop County residents busy. And in some areas here the search continues today. On May 27, 1881, B.R. Tucker filed his claim called, "Poor Man's Ledge," located just above the falls on the north bank of Youngs River. David Cousins had a claim on the other side of the river, and David Jewett and Peter Coleman had adjacent claims.

Otto Olson, Olof Olson and W.J. Fritchen, in 1895, filed on the Blue Jacket Lode in the Last Chance mining district on the Lewis and Clark River, east of the present-day pumping station for the Warrenton Water Works.

The Cruiser Gold Mining Gulch in the Nehalem Valley attracted scores of miners in 1901 near what was later known as the C.C.C. Camp Road, a couple miles west of Elsie. Quartz Creek, just to the east, was an equally popular silver mining district.

A.J. Cloutrie filed a gold claim at Cannon Beach on the side of a small creek in 1897 after finding gold in patches of black sand on the beach.

Gold was even found in Astoria in 1875 in rock used to fill in the block near 13th and Duane. This fill was believed to have come from the ballast of some unknown ship.

Clatsop County has the only road paved with gold. Black sand, dredged from Youngs Bay and used as fill in the

area north of Miles Crossing, assayed at \$2.50 per cubic yard in 1919.

In 1903, Dr. August Kinney called the attention of the engineers' department to the fact that there were quantities of gold to be found at the mouth of the Columbia River. The dredge Chinook was instructed to assay sand brought up by the dredge.

## WOMEN AT WORK

Women have been working to support their families since the early days in our county's history. The first women settlers made butter from the excess milk their cows produced and used the butter to barter with. They wove wool from their sheep for clothing that they traded for other goods. They opened their homes to travelers and some eventually operated hotels and restaurants. On Dec. 14, 1878, the *Weekly Astorian* reported that, "One woman and her daughter have just sent 23 1/4 cords of stave bolts to market at Astoria and another one has undertaken to cut a schooner load of wood for a firm in this city." As the county developed economically, new jobs opened up for women. On May 18, 1878, the *Weekly Astorian* reported that women and girls were labeling cans at the canneries of Badollet & Co., J.O. Hanthorn & Co., Nicolai & Co., and the Fisherman's Works. Mrs. Laura Atkeson advertised in the *Astoria Marine Gazette* in 1865 that she was prepared to "take Photographs, Ambrotypes, and do all the other kinds of work pertaining to the art." Miss Carrie Wass, earlier a resident of this county, was, in November 1878, appointed assistant keeper of the lighthouse at Cape Foulweather. And in 1875, Mrs. W.H. (Mary) Gray was appointed postmistress at Olney.

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